

## WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

(Continued from Page 5.)

miles, it will be all the same, they might as well save their time and money and come to us for news at once like you, now this is rich; Marconi, with all his money, fine boat, fine apparatus, permit to go inside racing lines and newspapers like the Herald, booming him; and the Chicago concern, with their old screens, all knocked out in one day, and now you beg us for terms to allow you to operate. It would make interesting reading for Marconi's people in New York and London."

Mr. Upperman's third proposition was this: "If you don't accept the other two, will you do this: Will you exchange direct bulletins with us, we will send all out to your papers; send your ditpatches only every five minutes; five minutes for you, five for Marconi and five for the Publishers' Press."

Tell me which one of these propositions you like. I will put them before the committee tomorrow and phone you." I replied: "Do not phone, I want it in writing," he said, "I don't believe that our Marconi people will put it in writing, you can take my personal assurance that what I promise I will carry out." I said, "All right, 'Our Company,' for the sake of peace and harmony and for the promises you made will accept your second proposition modified as follows: "

The American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company will agree to this proposition for the next Saturday's (September 28) race. You are to first give credit to this company in all of your 2,300 papers for our service. We will only send ditpatches every alternate five minutes from our dispatch boat, these being necessary to confirm, and should anything extraordinary happen we are to send them, no matter on whose time it comes; also, we will furnish all these ditpatches to Marconi and the Associated Press AS WE DID TO DAY. You are to send us all your bulletins which you receive correctly, and as you say, it will be a reciprocal exchange. We can try it one race and if it does not work, well, we can change it; we should operate every three minutes, as I have several ditpatches from the Denver News requesting three minute bulletins which I can hardly ignore. He said, "Let the Western papers go, send as few confirmatory ditpatches as possible, not more than every fifteen minutes. We will supply your papers direct." I said, "No, every ten minutes, unless something important happens."

He said, "Well, all right, now I will phone you tomorrow to see if Moeran and Stone will accept it, it's a bitter pill to swallow, but they must make the best of it. I will phone you confirming this." I said, "No, better write." He said, "No, it takes too long." I said, "No matter what you phone I will do as I have agreed with you." "Now, Mr. Upperman, I hope there is no trick in this," Mr. Upperman said, "Why, no, you are too suspicious of me, why should I come here and waste my valuable time and BEG YOU TO GIVE US YOUR BULLETINS AND SERVICE. All I ask is give me an equal chance." We shook hands and discussed other matters until train time.

The following afternoon, September 27, Mr. Upperman of the Associated Press office called up the doctor and wanted to alter the agreement made. The doctor would not have it and stated that if the second proposition made by them on September 26 was not accepted by the Associated Press, the doctor would call the agreement off and have bulletins from the American dispatch boat sent every three minutes as his papers requested him; and by thus sending ditpatches continually, prevent Marconi from receiving anything whatsoever from his boat, as they had already found out on September 26, the first day of the race. Doctor said, "Good-by," when Mr. Upperman shouted, "Hold on, I will agree to it, and send you our news and you send us yours, we pay for ours and you for yours." Doctor said, "All right, I will see about an extra wire or there'll be a jam." Mr. Upperman said, "There is some friction here, our parties do not like it; cannot you modify it somewhat, so it will be more palatable?" I said, "I will call Mr. Stone." The doctor then said, "You made the proposition yesterday and I was generous enough to agree to that and nothing else will do and I will keep my agreement provided, however, that the Associated Press will publish in all the papers that they will report the yacht races by the Marconi Company, of London, England, and the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company, of Philadelphia." The doctor said, "Good-by," when Mr. Upperman again said, "Hold on, I will call Mr. Stone, you can talk to him." Doctor said, "I don't know Mr. Stone, you can talk to him yourself, and tell him what we agreed on for tomorrow's race. Good-by."

That evening the doctor called Mr. Upperman up again from Atlantic Highlands to make sure everything was understood about tomorrow's race, and to misunderstand, as one of our operators was in the booth and could hear. The doctor repeated these instructions given to our operator for tomorrow's race; outside of the necessary bulletins as to which boat is leading, the start, turns of stakes, tacks, positions and finish; send only as few bulletins as is absolutely necessary, not more than every ten minutes to confirm, unless something extraordinary happens, so that Marconi can also report. We are to exchange bulletins with Marconi and the Associated Press, and they will give us credit in all their papers, so do not interfere tomorrow." These were the instructions given to our operators on the "Maid of the Mist" for the next day's race.

As proof of their understanding and their acceptance of these instructions, the following telegram from their general manager, Mr. Melville E. Stone, to his assistant manager, who was then at Galilee, is conclusive evidence. This telegram was handed in person

to Dr. Gehring, who accepted the agreement.

Copy of Telegram.  
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.  
Received at Galilee, N. J.  
1 N. Y. K. P. E. W. 38 paid.  
New York, September 28th, 1901.

W. H. UPPERMAN:

I have sent the following message:

The Bulletin upon the International Yacht Race are taken by Wireless Telegraphy, by co-operation of the Marconi Co. of London, England, and the American Wireless Telegraph Company of Philadelphia.

MELVILLE E. STONE.

Instead of giving us credit in their 2,300 papers, they only gave us credit in a very few, outside of the papers which the American Company served, besides the first message they sent us was wrong and late, while our dispatch boat sent the correct message on time. So we received the correct messages all day from our dispatch boats, but only sent enough to cover the race and when they sent us wrong ditpatches, that the wrong boat crossed the line first, while our dispatch boat had it at least three minutes ahead that, the correct boat, viz., Columbia, crossed the line first; the doctor naturally came to the conclusion that they were playing a trick or scheme on the company and hence after that he simply ignored them. The next two races, October 3 and 4, the Marconi Combination, sent very few, if any correct bulletins to the Herald and Associated Press; except ours, which they rehearsed and palmed off as Simon-pure Marconi stuff, as any reader of our bulletin can see by comparing them with the Marconi bulletins; for our receiving station at Galilee, received everything which was sent by all wireless apparatus; and we have the tape with the wireless ditpatches sent in our possession. Our superior system simply wiped them out of existence and left our bulletins clear and distinct. The American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company makes these statements simply to give the public the true facts:

On the 6th of October, the American Wireless Telegraph dispatch boat "Maid of the Mist," sailed from Sandy Hook to Delaware Breakwater, during a forty mile an hour gale, and telegraphed continually to the Galilee station its progress, first, five miles away from off Barnegat, then from Atlantic City, then from Little Egg Harbor, then from Sea Isle City, then from Cape May, then from Breakwater over 100 miles away, where they arrived late at night and the next day sailed up to Philadelphia, they sent wireless ditpatches every ten miles to Galilee until they got to New Castle, Delaware.

The American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company in its advertisements states nothing but facts and stands ready to test this system against the Herald-Marconi combination; that it can send and receive wireless telegraph messages 260 miles; far better than Marconi's system can. This company is now erecting more stations, where every stockholder will have a chance to inspect the apparatus and see it in operation.

The unprejudiced who will calmly digest the foregoing statement of facts will notice that from the very commencement of this controversy, so aggressively forced upon us through the medium of the New York Herald, and its proprietor, we have not in a single instance, either before, during or after the supreme test of the rival systems, THE YACHT RACES, sought them, their assistance or in any other manner manifested the slightest interest in their so called system of wireless telegraphy. They, on the contrary, have not only sought but begged us to aid them and even taking advantage of our generosity attempted to confuse the public mind in identifying their efforts to send ditpatches, during the yacht races, with our accomplishments in that line.

Of course, the intelligent public need not be informed that all this has been done with a purpose and that purpose it is easy enough to divine. The Marconi European system having neither standing nor prospective outlook in this country seeks to badger—we will not use a harsher term—us into some compromise whereby they may, with their inferior and disorganized enterprise attach themselves to the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company in a combine; by reason of the enormous wealth of Messrs. Bennett et al., they aim to recoup their outlay or cost of investments in the Marconi failure, by coming in on the ground floor, in the assured success which await the completion of the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph system, and control or absorb this, we only successfully demonstrated wireless system of telegraphic communication; and, if possible prevent a further issuance of our stock, to the end that, in the event of compromise, combine or absorption they will not be compelled to repurchase the said stock from its present stockholders, at the enormous advance which the developments now going on, assures it.

But the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company holding, as it unquestionably does, the patents which CONTROL the PRINCIPLE on which wireless telegraphy is based, will NOT be "held up" by even a combination of Anglo-American multi-millionaires; and the American public is assured that both patriotism and business interests will continue to irrevocably guide us in dealing with any or all European or Anglo-American, would-be, or pretended competitors, and that all such will pay dearly in future for either favor or consideration from the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company.

That our stockholders will participate proportionately and in accordance with the relative amount of their holdings in the increasing value of the shares of American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company's stock, is guaranteed them in any and every event, as will be seen by a perusal of the facts set forth in this reply to the attempt of an inferior system to coerce us into a recognition, compromise or combine by the overtures recited, the threats made and the anxiety manifested to limit the sales of our stock.

Am. Wireless Telegraph & Telephone Co.

## A TRUE STATEMENT

In Which is Detailed the Yacht Race Episodes

### BETWEEN THE TWO SYSTEMS

The Marconi and the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company by Mr. Royal, Operator on Board of the Maid of the Mist.

(Written for the SUNDAY GLOBE.)

Mr. Bertrand Royal makes the following statement for The Sunday Globe: From on or about the 12th day of September, 1901, to the 6th day of October, 1901, I was in the employ of the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., and during that period a part of my duties were the making and transmission of bulletins of the international yacht races between Columbia and Shamrock II, over the course set on different days of the races by the New York Yacht Club. While engaged in such transmission of bulletins by wireless telegraph, I was on board the vessel known as the "Maid of the Mist," commanded by Captain Boyer.

On the 3d day of October, at about 2 p. m., I was approached by a United States Revenue cutter, flying the revenue flag bearing the black letters "A. P.," which I was informed signified that the revenue cutter in question was used as a dispatch boat by the Associated Press.

As the boat approached "The Maid of the Mist," I was hailed through a megaphone by a man whom I afterwards learned was a Mr. Stone, and whom I was informed is a manager of the Associated Press in New York City. Mr. Stone asked me if Mr. Bishop was on board. I replied that he was not and would not be allowed on board of that boat as that was the dispatch boat of the American Wireless Telephone and Telegraph Company. Mr. Stone then said, "I wanted to speak to Mr. Bishop." You were interfering very much with our messages. How often do you operate?" I replied, "We are operating every three minutes when there is any news to send, but have not sent a message for nearly twenty minutes." Mr. Stone then said, "We have an agreement through our Mr. Upperman with Dr. Gehring that you are to operate every alternate five minutes. Will you not commence now and operate in that way to avoid interfering with us?" I replied, "There must be other interference besides us, but we will do as you request from now out." Mr. Stone then said, "Let us compare time." I took out my watch and Mr. Stone shouted, "Now 2:17." I shouted back, "All right, we will begin at 2:25." The revenue cutter then left.

On the evening of the same day, about 7 o'clock, I was informed at the long distance telephone station, at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., that Mr. Upperman desired me to call him up as he (Upperman) wanted to talk to me.

The same evening at about 10 o'clock I learned that Mr. Upperman was at his residence at Riverside, and I held a conversation with said Upperman over the long distance phone, substantially as follows:

"I said, 'I understand, Mr. Upperman, you want to talk to me.' Mr. Upperman said, 'Are you Mr. Pickard?' I replied, 'No, I am Mr. Royal, the operator on the 'Maid of the Mist,' but Mr. Pickard is here in the booth with me.' Mr. Upperman then said, 'I wanted to find out what you meant by sending messages today. I have an agreement with Dr. Gehring whereby you were only to send four or five messages at the most for each race, at the start, at the stake boats, and at the finish. Mr. Stone talked with you this afternoon and you admitted operating every few minutes. Now, I want to know why you did this?' I replied, 'Mr. Upperman, my instructions from Dr. Gehring today were to send him occasional confirmatory ditpatches of the yachts.' Mr. Upperman here broke in. 'You know very well that we are sending Dr. Gehring our ditpatches as soon as we receive them, and you have no business whatever to send ditpatches the way you are sending them.' I replied, 'Mr. Upperman, Dr. Gehring and his company had relied upon the ditpatches you sent last Saturday concerning the start of the race and the finish of the race, and had sent them to the papers whom he is serving with bulletins, he would have been ruined.' Mr. Upperman said, 'What do you mean?' I replied, 'I mean that you sent at the start of the race that Columbia crossed the line first, and at the finish of the race that the Shamrock won. As a matter of fact the Shamrock crossed the line first at the start and the Columbia won the race. Dr. Gehring cannot rely upon your bulletins, and this necessitates my sending confirmatory messages of every change in the position of the yachts, although my rigid instructions are to interfere as little as possible and to send as few bulletins as possible and yet keep Dr. Gehring informed of the race.'

Mr. Upperman replied, 'If you were fooled, we were fooled as well on Saturday last, and you know very well that you are getting much better news service.' I answered, 'Is that so? That is probably the reason you got down to Galilee so quickly the morning of the first race to get DR. GEHRING'S NEWS SERVICE for the Associated Press, is it not?'

"What's that?" said Mr. Upperman. I replied, 'I came to this telephone in response to your request, and do not propose to indulge in any mutual recrimination. We want to do what is right and interfere as little as possible, but we are going to get the correct news through to Dr. Gehring, while it is news.'

Mr. Upperman said, 'Now the Chicago people want to operate too. We will take the first five minutes, starting on the hour, the next five minutes, and you the third five minutes.'

I replied, 'Mr. Upperman, I will not agree to that.' Mr. Upperman then said:

"Will you agree to operate every alternate five minutes with us, commencing five minutes past the hour?"

I replied, 'I will agree to send the start of the race when the start is made, to send the stake boats when the yachts go round them, and the finish when it occurs. I will try and keep on my five minutes as much as possible, but if anything of vital importance occurs during the race, I must send it, no matter on whose time it occurs.'

Mr. Upperman replied, 'I will come alongside of your boat in the morning and have a talk with you. Good night.'

"Good night," I replied. Signed: BERTRAND ROYAL.

## VICISSITUDES OF A GIRL IN MALE ATTIRE.

[A TRUE STORY.]

"The experience of a girl tramp" is the autobiography of a lady who, after the murder of her husband and forced by her necessities to make her own living, assumed male attire for the special purpose set forth in her history. Her adventures on the road were not only interesting, but startling, and sometimes quite sensational. They will all be truthfully detailed in the columns of THE SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE, on the staff of which this well-known newspaper writer and clever young woman is now a valued member—EDITOR GLOBE.

It is not an exaggeration to say that I walked all over Norfolk that day. Started at 7 a. m., and thought surely before night some kind of work would come my way. In passing along one of the commercial streets I saw a sign as follows: "The Virginia Employment Bureau." No doubt that sign is still there. Of course I went in and made inquiry of methods of securing work, fee charged, etc., and with the result that the agency had most of my \$2 in cash and I had a lot of information about how no man need be idle who really wanted work.

The name of one supposed employer was furnished me who desired a piano player and was willing to give \$10 a week and board for the services of a young man who can play the piano. Now, by all the cruelties of fate, this man was the brother of the manager of the "White Rajahs," who failed to appear in Norfolk the week before. He did not seem to be in a very communicative mood, but actually went through the farce of engaging me to play the piano, and set a time for me to rehearse with the chorus, for a performance in Raleigh, N. C. Thinking that there had doubtless been some local trouble which disqualified the White Rajahs from appearing in Norfolk, but did not affect their chances in other cities, I allowed this fellow to waste three nights of my time in rehearsals for which, of course, I never received a cent. The fourth day I reported as usual at the appointed place—but no one could be found who would admit having seen the man I sought. So once more, and for the third time, I was wiser and sadder by reason of too great faith in the promises of persons professing to be honorable and honest. It is a fact, I have never appeared in even an amateur performance since this very arduous dampening experience.

Then I was at my wits' ends. There was nothing for it but to tramp it. So I buttoned up my coat (I had no overcoat and it was snowing hard) and resolutely turned my face towards the setting sun. I forgot to mention that several months had now intervened since the events related in the last chapter of this account. I had been trying several different things in the meantime, but it is a true and a hard fact that "unto him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken that which he hath."

To make matters worse the employment agent, having suspected my real sex, and finding me rather too determined to get the benefit of the fee paid him, and for which he had promised to secure me work of some kind, came to me and said, "Look here, young fellow, I've got a job for you. It is to drive a double team at a logging camp down the road in Virginia. How would you like that?" I told him, as I had many times before, that work was what I wanted and must have, and could not afford to be too particular about the kind of a job to be done. Thinking to frighten me, he doubtless blurted out an oath and then suddenly said: "Now you can't fool me. I'm too old a bird for that kind of a story. I believe you are a woman. Why, look at your shoes. That's enough to give you away. Better tell me all about it and I'll try to help you out."

Now, this is just what I had expected would happen sooner or later, and the one thing I had nerved myself to face, if possible, without a tremor or a sign of surprise or fear. So, mustering all my courage, I said in a braggadocio manner: "Don't waste your breath in silly speculation. Better save it to describe some of those good jobs lying round loose just waiting for a fellow to come along and take in. And don't you worry about my shoes either, unless you are ready to return me the money I gave you when you promised to secure me work, and with which I could buy a new pair of shoes more suited to the weather and climate."

For reply he handed me a dime and a two-cent stamp. "What's this for?" I asked. "Well, it's all I've got with me, but you are welcome to it. Now you'd better skip, for I've informed the authorities and they'll make it warm for you if they catch you masquerading in men's clothes."

With this he turned on his heel and left me. Of course this did not scare me at all, mainly because I knew he had not informed the authorities, since he knew nothing and had only tried to scare me off in order to get rid of me after having failed to get me a place—or in fact, never having tried to get one. That's the last I saw of him, although in after months quite a spirited discussion by mail was indulged in with this same man. But that's another story.

(To be continued.)

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45-inch All Wool Extra Fine Henrietta, in black only—which bears the value of 75c. quality, this week, per yard, 50c. Fine All Wool Cheviots, in colors and blacks—full 50 inches wide—already sponged and shrunken—known as 75c. quality, selling this week at 50c.

50-inch All Wool Venetian Hop-Sacking, in plain and mixture, a very special dress material—much worn this season—\$1.00 quality—selling this week at per yard, 60c.

50-inch Priestley's Cravatette Cheviot, guaranteed elegant black, rain will positively not injure this cloth—the \$1.60 grade, selling this week for 75c.

50-inch All Wool Black Camel's Hair Zibeline, another very stylish fabric, which is worth \$1.35 per yard—selling this week at 98c.

54-inch Rain Proof Covert Cloth for Automobiles, Raglans and Driving Coats, worth \$2.25 per yard—selling this week at \$1.69.

Delius Fine Imported Broadcloth 52 inches wide, showing a full line of colors—as good as any quality sold elsewhere at \$2.75 per yard—selling this week at \$1.95.

S. KANN, SONS & CO., - - - MARKET SPACE.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

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